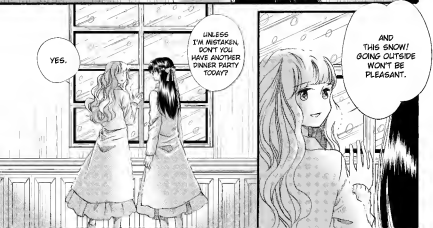




*Dream
of Spring*





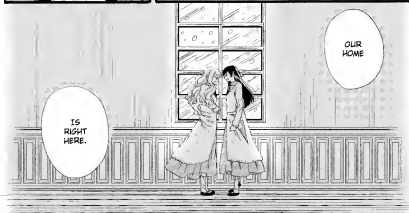
IT'S
NOT LIKE
I'LL GO
TO SOME
OTHER
HOME.

HEADMISTRESS
MARIA DOESN'T
KNOW HOW TO
GIVE UP, EITHER.



OUR
HOME

IS
RIGHT
HERE.





WHAT
FOOL-
ISH-
NESS.

She said
that she'd
love to have
you, and was
desire the
two of you
should have
a talk.

This woman
said that when
she saw you,
you looked just
like her de-
ceased daughter,
and she couldn't
say any.



I MUST
DECLINE.



HOW
ABOUT IT?
WILL YOU
THINK ABOUT
GOING HOME
WITH HER?

WORTH-
LESS.





WELCOME
BACK,
AMY.



...

FIONA.



BUT
ANY GAME
OF GIVE-
-AND-
TAKE CAN
EASILY
GO TOO
FAR.



IT'S
GOOD
TO BE
BACK.



EVERYONE
IS KINDLY
FOOLED BY
MY SMILE.



...SAY,

WHERE
SHALL WE GO
ONCE WE'RE
GROWN UP?



THE
BOTH OF
US?

SHALL
WE FIND A
WORKPLACE
WITH A
DORMITORY
WHERE WE
COULD
LIVE?



...WILL THEY
BELIEVE US
IF WE SAY
WE'RE TWINS?



AND
REQUEST
THAT THEY LET
US ROOM
TOGETHER.

YES.
WE'LL
SAY WE'RE
TWIN.



OH,
I'M SURE
WE'LL BE
ABLE TO
FOOL
THEM.



EVEN
THOUGH
WE LOOK
NOTHING
ALIKE?



WILL
IT?



COME NOW,
IT'LL WORK
OUT!



EVERY TIME
WE SAY IT,
I THINK IT'S
SILLY.

I DON'T

WHAT?

THINK
OF YOU AS
MY TWIN,
FIONA.



WE CAN'T
STAY TWINS
FOREVER.

ALWAYS
THOUGHT

I HAVE
ALWAYS,





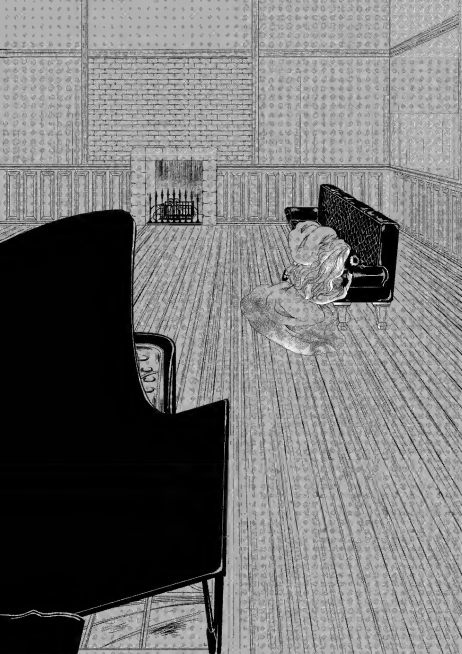
I WANT TO
BE CLOSER,
TO BE MORE
INTIMATE.

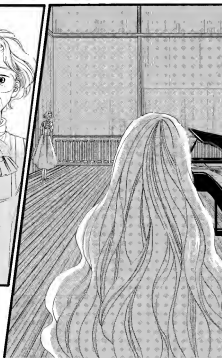
I
COULDN'T
HELP IT.



FIONA...







HEAD-
MISTRESS
MARIA...

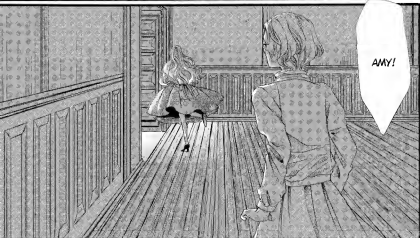


COME
THIS
WAY.

...AMY.



LET'S
HAVE A
TALK.



AMY!



WAIT!



THIS
SORT OF
THING OFTEN
HAPPENS TO
GIRLS YOUR
AGE.

AMY.



YOU
WON'T
BE...

BUT NO ONE,
ONCE SHE
GROWS UP,
FAILS TO GO
ON TO MARRY
AND MAKE
A HOME.

THERE
HAVE BEEN
OTHER
CHILDREN
LIKE YOU.



MY FEELINGS
WON'T CHANGE
EVEN AFTER I'VE
GROWN UP.

I'VE
ALREADY
BEEN TRYING
TO CHANGE
THEM FOR
A LONG
TIME.



BUT THEY
HAVEN'T
CHANGED
A BIT.



IT CERTAINLY
WOULD BE EASIER
IF THESE FEELINGS
WERE NOTHING BUT
A CAPRICE OF YOUTH,
WOULDN'T IT?



SURRENDERED
INTO MARRIAGE.

AND
BITTERLY
BUT
PAIN-
FULLY



HEAD-
MISTRESS
MARIA,

I'M
CERTAIN THE
CHILDREN
BEFORE ME
WEREN'T IN
A MOMENTARY
CONFUSION,
EITHER.



I WON'T BE
COURTING FIONA
OR ANYTHING
OF THE LIKE.

REST
ASSURED.



FIONA.

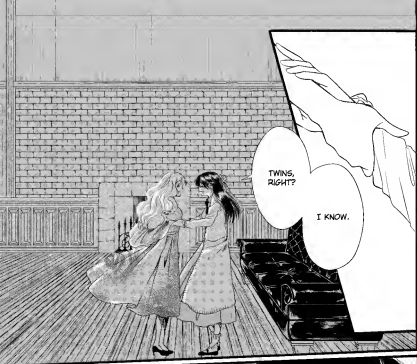
YOU'LL
CATCH
COLD.

WAKE UP,
FIONA.

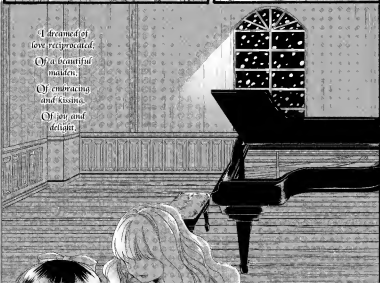
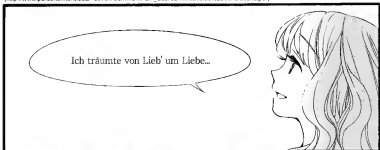
AAAA...

AMY, WILL
YOU WAKE
ME UP?

COME
ON!
I'M
NOT YOUR
MOTHER!







Silver Gymnasium

Original Publication Dates

Freezing Fingertips

———— Self-published as "Freezing Fingertips," May 5, 2013

The Day the White Lily was Painted Red

———— Self-published as "The Day the White Lily was Painted Red," December 30, 2013

Dream of Spring

———— Self-published as "Dream of Spring," August 18, 2013



PERHAPS
EVERYONE
FEELS SOME
PAIN WHEN
PARTING
WITH THEIR
DAYS OF
CHILDHOOD.

THE
TERM ITSELF,
"GROWING UP,"
HAS A LONELY
RING TO IT.



I'VE HAD
PETER PAN
SYNDROME
SINCE ELEMEN-
TARY SCHOOL.
SO I GUESS
THAT'S JUST
THE WAY I
GREW UP.

DO YOU THINK
OF YOURSELF AS
A GROWN-UP?
DO YOU THINK OF
YOURSELF AS A
CHILD? MYSELF,
I THINK I'M A
CHILD (THOUGH
AGE-WISE, I'M
GROWN-UP).

Even
now that
I've come
of age,
I don't
want to
grow up



Continued in the final part of Silver Gymnasium.
Please watch over Fiona and company
as they reach the end of their journey.



Yuri-Hime COMICS

白銀ギムナジウム 上

著者 ひるのつき子

発行人 杉野庸介

発行所 株式会社一迅社
〒160-0022 東京都新宿区新宿2-5-10 成信ビル8F
電話 03-5312-7427(編集部)
03-5312-6150(販売部)
<http://www.ichijinsha.co.jp/>

装丁 下元亮司

編集 深澤優樹

Silver Gymnasium 1

by Hiruno Tsukiko



Raw: jhshrb

Translator: Multiball

Editor: Anonymous

QC: Multiball, musicgod96

YURIPROJECT.NET